Sleep In The Heat

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King
Genre: Abuse, Aged-Up Character(s), Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Alternate Universe - Homeless, Alternate Universe - Punk, Bisexual Beverly Marsh, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Child Abuse, Eating Disorders, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, F/F, F/M, Gay Stan, Homeless Richie Tozier, Homophobia, I don't think it's normal but it shed light on their history, I know that the sexualized interaction is creeoy, Insecurity, M/M, Medication, Mental Health Issues, Past Abuse, Period-Typical Homophobia, Period-Typical Racism, Physical Abuse, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Racism, Self-Harm, Teen Romance, Tissue Warning, all issues they have they work on so just wait for it, bisexual bill, feminine eddie, genderfluid eddie kaspbrak, it's on purpose and is a plot point later, pls wait for me to explain the creepy part, they're 14-16 so not much older but a bit that this isn't stange
Language: English
Characters: Alvin Marsh, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Bill Denbrough's Parents, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier
Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier
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Summary:

Persephonie's Children is a punk rock band comprised of homeless teens traveling around the country.

When they travel to Derry, Maine, their lives are changed.

At least they befriend three local losers to help them out.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Hello, this is based on Stray Dogs by seeingredfics and the PUP Sleep In The Heat music video

I am in love with this fic, so I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.

TRIGGER WARNINGS (to be safe these are all in story but not the first chapter)

-physical/mental/emotional abuse
-sexual abuse
-human trafficking
-eating disorders
-self harm
-child abuse
-ADHD
-SPD
-epilepsy
-anxiety
-intrusive thoughts
-PTSD
-flashbacks
-alcoholism
-manipulation
-homophobia
-racism
-homelessness

Enjoy and be safe!

When performing, there was a rush that Richie just can't describe. It was unlike anything he has ever felt, and he doubts anything could feel better than the absolute rush he gets while shredding his guitar and jumping around the stage and screaming out the lyrics he wrote alongside his family. It is like all his nerve endings were on fire. It is like he swallowed a small galaxy and it is burning inside of him. All

the energy he has to fight to control the rest of the time is put to it's fullest use. He doesn't have to fight to stay still or slow his words or any of that torturous normative bullshit. On stage, he feeds off of the crowd and his friends feed off of each other. Bev and Richie are both uncontained balls of energy while Ben and Mike are calm and steady. It any other situation, it could have been a shit show, but because it was them, it worked beautifully.

They'd been on the road, performing and living in a van, for three years and they've been the best three years of Richie's life. No more living in pain and fear. Now he lived for the thrill of performing and for the little misfit family he found all on his own. The fact that they never seemed to have enough food or heat or space or gas or money didn't bother him. This was his life, the one that he chose and it was fucking perfect.

"Well, you beautiful sweaty fuckers, it's time for Persephone's Children to hit the road! But not before we give you one of our favorites, Sleep In The Heat!" Richie yells into the microphone before the others start playing the notes of the song, Richie's own hands strumming the cords without even having to think about it.

While performing the last song, he let out what was left of his energy. He screamed into the microphone, jumping around the "Stage" aka the section of the room they had taken over, even including some of the audience. Beverly's own bright and crystalline voice meshing perfectly with Richie's raucous, borderline hoarse voice to create an amazing performance.

"Goodnight everyone! Make sure to keep an ear out for our upcoming performances, we're gonna be in Southern Maine for at least a couple weeks and we'll be in Derry, Maine in two nights at Tempe Tavern so come and check us out!" Bev yells into the mic before giving off the devil's horns as a gesture of goodbye.

"Night, you losers!" Richie copies Bev's gesture with his left hand and wrapping his right arm around her shoulders. She let out a loud string of laughter, her head falling onto his shoulder and Richie swore he felt on top of the world.

Once, the gig was over, Richie was back in survival mode. While

Richie was actually tall for his age, he was still the smallest of the group. He was 5'7 and proud of it, but Mike was already 6'2, Ben was 6'0, and even Bev was 5'10 after her recent growth spurt, all leaving Richie in the dust. But, this did give the four of them a serious advantage, he was their secret weapon.

The gigs they worked barely paid, mainly they were paid in food and maybe a place to crash for the night. If they did get money, it was barely enough to cover the gas to get there. So, they had their own means of getting by. Having a small, surprisingly graceful, and intelligent kid to sneak through crowds unnoticed was great. He was easily able to pickpockets and swipe cash from kids obviously only there because they wanted to impress a crush and left their bags out and unattended.

Richie was quick, he took what he could and didn't pull unnecessary risks to get what they didn't. He was great at swiping through a gas station convenience store unnoticed and with a loot of chips and chocolate and soda. It may not be glamorous or cushy, but they got by and were free to make their own choices; what else could they wish for?

The four of them all hung around the opened back of the van, Richie and Bev sitting on the ledge not covered in equipment and Ben and Mike standing in front of the forming a circle around the black and purple painted van. They were all scarfing down slightly undercooked pasta with cold chicken, sure it wasn't a five star meal but it is better than the processed shit they'd been eating the past week and a half.

"So Trashmouth, how much you get tonight?" Bev asks, a smirk on her sweaty face.

"For your information, Ringwald, I got a hundred bucks, a new switchblade as long as my dick, brass mother fucking knuckles, as if we were running with Capone's bitches instead of a bunch of loser grunge kids, and a fuck ton of quarters. Pretty interesting findings if I do say so myself." Richie says, whipping out the black, almost oil like switchblade and cooper colors knuckles.

"Thank god you don't let it go to your head, 007. We have a decent

amount for gas and a good chunk of cash for the emergency tin." Mike says, rolling his eyes at Richie's over the top explanation of his findings.

"I thought you said the switch was micro? That thing's at least a few inches." Bev says, taking the knife out of Richie's hands.

"Very funny! We all know that my wang is the best fucker in the band!" Richie retorts, grabbing his crotch.

"Bev's dick is more impressive." Ben says.

"That's not what your mom was saying yesterday when I-" Richie started but was cut off by Mike.

"Beep. Beep, Richie." Mike says, but that didn't stop Ben and Bev's giggles.

"If we want to get to Derry with enough time to find a place to crash with the van, then we need to get going. Richie, you're on first shift." Mike says, making Richie scoff.

"Why do I have to take first shift! Shouldn't it be Bev's turn!"

"No, remember you begged for a piss break in exchange for an extra shift at the wheel."

Richie lets out a loud, over dramatic groan, "Curse my tiny bladder!"

It was a five hour drive to the town of Derry, Maine from Quebec City, which meant Richie was the asshole stuck with driving for two hours instead of one like the others. But, he didn't mind too much, he could clear his head and focus. He would become extremely focused on the road and other drivers and looking for cops to be careful around. He didn't have the time to fidget or over think or speak without thinking. The only thing on his mind was driving and the music playing over the radio. Whoever was in the passenger seat, typically the next driver unless it was Richie, who usually stayed in the back so he could lie out, was in charge of the music. They had a crazy assortment of CDs most were rock but they have a range of genres, even including country artists like Johnny Cash and pop artists like Madonna. They didn't discriminate.

The drive to Derry wasn't interesting, but it was beautiful. South Maine was full of forests and mountains that always took away Richie's breathe. The landscape was always so pure and untouched for the most part. Sure, Maine obviously had cities, it's the 90's man. But this part of Maine was still safe, still resisting global warming and industrialization. Strangely, he saw a bit of himself in the landscape. But that was probably the fucking sleep deprivation and hunger getting to him at that point. When he saw the welcome to Derry sign, he felt a little pull in his chest, as if his stomach was knotting and dropping simultaneously, but he put that off to hunger. It was the only thing that made sense. Instead, he chooses to wake up the others.

"YO, FUCKWADS, PERSEPHONE'S OWN BILL ELLIOTT HAS ESCORTED YOU LITTLE SHITS TO THE ONE AND ONLY DERRY, MAINE SO GET YOUR ASSES UP!" Richie screamed, blasting the music has loud as it would go as soon as he finished for a moment.

Ben, Mike, and Bev jolted awake, yelling at Richie before they even opened their eyes.

"That was like Beep. Beep, Richie times a million. Never do that again, dude!" Ben says, rubbing his temples.

"You're gonna give me an aneurysm…" Mike grumbles, clearly not happy about the sudden wake up.

"Oh, I'm sorry, next time I'll make sure it's a goddamn wake up call fit for mother fucking Princess Diana, not three homeless delinquents living in a shitty van for traveling for their literal fucking punk band. My mistake." Sarcasm was dripping off of Richie's tongue.

"I swear, Richie, we're all fucked the moment you lose your trashmouth." Bev says, a smirk on her sleep wrinkled face.

"I say, we set up shop and from there get provisions, and seemingly gas." Mike says, eyeing the almost empty tank.

"Since you and Ben are just the strongest, most masculine men in the wo-" Richie starts but Mike cuts him off.

“Yes, we’ll unload out shit and set up. You and Bev go and get food, you know that you two have the best time getting away with that.” Mike says, rolling his eyes.

“Well, now that we have that taken care of, on the map, I saw a field right off of a river on the edge of town, connecting to a huge ass forest. That should be a safer spot to set up at. It’s by the main road out of this Children Of The Corn-esque town.” Richie says, driving through the town, all of them taking note of their newest surroundings.

“This place is very ‘Nightmare On Elm Street’ so we should fit right in.” Bev says, her tone full of her typical sarcasm.

“You two always know how to make a place feel like home…” Ben mumbles, and Bev grabs his hand.

“Oh Ben, we always protect each other! If creepy children who hate adults try to kill you for some reason, they can deal with my new switch!” Bev says, pulling out the obviously expensive blade from her pocket.

“Who said you get it! I’m the one who fucking found it!” Richie argues.

“You’re gonna give up on Liv, your oldest friend, for something new and shiny?” Bev asks, her tone saying she already knew the answer.

“I hate that you’re always fucking right. You sure you’re not some fucking mutant with psychic abilities?” Richie grumbles, widening Bev’s devilish grin.

“It’s just that you’re a dumbass.” Bev says as they pull into the empty field.

After pulling a bit into the field, parking it in a spot that keeps them hidden from cars passing by but still gives them a quick escape route, Ben and Mike and Bev and Richie split up. Richie and Bev, armed with knife and their wits, head into town. Now, they knew that they weren’t the most hygienic kids out there, but they didn’t realize how disgusting and sketchy they looked until they walked through the

town. All the homes are fresh cut grass and clean gutters and bikes lining the driveways. The people were even worse. They all were pristine, all obviously working tirelessly to keep up their image in front of the small town. They all had clean, freshly pressed clothing. Their hair was done meticulously to the point where not a single strand was out of place. As Bev and Richie walked down the sidewalks, counting the cracks seeing who was closer to the number between the five blocks, they could feel the glares burning into their dirty and bruised skin. If they looked as bad as the smelt, they could only imagine with these people were thinking.

“You remember the plan?” Bev asks, but she already knows he does. They’ve done this just about a million times.

“Well, duh, Pippi Longstockings, while you go off and shamelessly flirt with whatever poor shit is working, I sneak throughout the store like a fucking badass ninja stuff my jacket with as much shit as possible.” Richie says, making Bev roll her eyes.

“And Plan B?” She prods and this time Richie rolls his eyes.

“Then I turn up the seduce-o-meter 5000 up the maximum overdrive, look up through my beautiful fucking princess eyelashes and use my delicate facial structure to fill this cashiers fucking spank bank for weeks.”

“You are so gross.” Bev says, shoving his shoulder just before the walk up to the store.

“Ready for trouble, Allison?” Rich says, holding out his hand for their secret handshake.

“Make it double, Katie.” Bev responded and immediately launched them into a handshake full of intricate and sometimes jerky and outlandish movements.

Once, they finished, the casually walked into the store, Bev immediately walked up the center aisle towards the counter where a middle aged man wearing glasses like Richie’s, but no where near as coke bottle like, was standing. Richie slunk off towards the food aisle, just out of sight of the man but with a perfect view of Bev, to

get ready for the signal. One finger in her pocket meant go for, two fingers meant tap-out. Both hands means abort mission ASAP.

“Hi, Mr…. Keene is it?” Bev says leaning forward onto her elbows against the counter.

“Yes, it is. What can I do for you? Are you from Derry?” He asks suspiciously, not looking away from her face.

“No, I’m not, I’m just passing through. Just thought I could stop in for some directions?” She asked, shifting her weight and her hips move from one side to the other. Mr. Keene looks bored. Bev places two fingers in her front pocket and waits.

“Well, I’m not good with dire-” He begins in a monotone voice, when Richie comes jogging up the aisle right behind her.

“Allison, I forgot to tell you to get some- Oh gosh!” Richie begins, but knocks over a box of lollipops.

“I’m just so sorry, sir. I’m too clumsy, I can barely take care of myself. I’ll clean this.” Richie says, turning his back to the pair and bending over at the hips, fisting the blow pops on the group and putting them in the box. Bev sees Mr. Keene’s eyes widen significantly, and she has to fight the urge to smoke.

“I have to pee, K. I’ll meet you in the car.” Bev says, walking down the same aisle, checking that Mr. Keene’s attention was solely on Richie before turning down the next aisle. She didn’t however, expect to be met with three boys her age, holding a variety of medical supplies staring at her like she was a murderous clown.

She hid the box of tampons she had grabbed behind her back, not wanting these boys to know her biological needs. They continued to stare at her, so she decided to break the silence.

“Uh, what are you guys doing?” Bev asked, and it seemed to shake the boys out of their stupor.

“There is a dog outside bleeding like someone tried to kill it.” The smallest boy says frantically.

“W-W-We are t-t-trying t-t-to help it b-b-but… w-we don’t-t-t-t have any m-money.” The tallest boy says, a light pink flush spreading across his cheeks.

“We can help you.” Bev says with a smirk.

“We?” The boy with the curly hair asks.

Bev simply walks ahead grabbing different food items off the shelves as she walked up towards the counter and stuffed them into her coat. The three boys got the message and scrambled to follow her. When at the end of the aisle, she placed a finger to her lips, and nods her head towards Richie.

“Sorry, Mr…. Keene! My sister can be a bit… much. I hope she didn’t bother you too much?” Riche asked, holding a cherry blow pop in between his slender fingers.

“No not at all, I was just attending to the store. I didn’t catch your name, young man.” Mr. Keene says, a cold sparkle in his eyes.

“Kasey, she calls me K to push my buttons. Girls, I guess. May I?” Richie asks, gesturing to the lollipop.

“Oh! Go right ahead!” He says, too quickly to be casual.

“You must be so busy running such an impressive store! Seems like you have everything! And for someone so young to be so successful. I’m a bit star struck.” Richie says, looking up through his lashes as he slowly goes to town on the lollipop.

“Uh why, you’re flattering me, Kasey. You are too sweet to be real.” Mr. Keene says, leaning in closer to Richie’s face.

“Do you sweet talk every boy that walks in here?” Richie says, pulling out the lollipop with a slow pop and fakes a blush.

“Only the delectable ones.” Mr. Keene responds,

While the other two boys were focused on the mysterious and pretty girl in front of them and the creepy actions of Mr. Keene, Eddie could only focus on the boy. The way the fur-lined jean jacket draped over

his small frame. How his black hair hung in a mess of curls around his face, only accenting his cheek bones. The multitude of freckles that painted his pale skin. How his cropped black jeans hugged his legs in the right places and contrasted against his light gray tee. The way his slender hands looked rough and warm in the ripped black gloves. The girlish way his long eyelashes curl. How bright his eyes looked, reveling in the fun of his trick. Not to mention how he used that lollipop to his advantage.

Before Eddie could even think to stop it, he can feel his face turn blood red and his cargo shorts become as tight as his chest. The boy was beautiful, and Eddie was too gay to handle this situation. *Fuck me.*

“Well, I don’t mean to bother you, but our mom sent us out to get a couple packs of cigarettes, long road trip you know? I should try to get her to quit, but I have such a problem *saying no to authority*. ” Richie says, looking up at the gross man before him, keeping all traces of how he felt off of his face.

“That could get you into real trouble some day.” Mr. Keene replies, moving even closer into Richie’s personal space grabbing three packs of Marlboro without looking away. Richie places a finger in his front pocket.

Bev suddenly turns around, nodding towards the door. In the back of her mind, she notes the extremely flustered attitude of the smallest boy as the scramble towards the door. The smallest boy knocks into a couple boxes of gushers, making a loud crash. Bev scoops up the boxes and hopes Richie can cover for them. *Newbies.*

Behind him, Richie hears the crash and sees Mr. Keene’s eyes drift up for a moment, to get his attention back to him, he pulls the lollipop out of his mouth and pushes it into the mouth of Mr. Keene. His eyes snap back to Richie.

“Thanks for the help, Mr. Keene, hears your pay-” Richie says but Mr. Keene scrambles to decline it.

“Thanks! Hopefully I’ll see you soon.” Richie says, and saunters down the aisle and out the door.

As soon as he is out of the man's view, he lets out a sigh of relief, a breath he didn't realize he had been holding.

"Yo, Strawberry Shortcake, what the fuck was that crashing! You'd think we were talking your fucking S-Card all over again!" Richie says, pulling one of the packs of cigarettes out of his pocket along with a Red lighter he swiped without the man knowing. He looked up when he didn't hear Bev respond.

"Bev, this isn't the fucking time for hide-and-seek!" Richie yells out, a slight panic in his voice.

"Over here, Trashmouth!" He hears Bev's voice come from the alleyway next to the pharmacy.

Richie walks over confused, not understanding why she would wait in an alleyway. When he sees three boys surrounding her, his blood freezes.

"What the fuck do you turd breathes think you're doing!" Richie growls, pulling out his silver switchblade, making his way over.

"Richie! Richie, wait!" Bev yells, and Richie is even more confused. The three boys looked terrified, staring at the knife in his hands. Bev looked at him like she does most of the time, like he was being an idiot. The dog looked at him like-Wait the dog?

"Jesus, didn't realize we were running a fucking Humane Society in a fucking alleyway." Richie says, putting his knife back into his pocket.

"It was attacked by an animal or something in the woods. We were getting the proper medical supplies to help her." One of the boys in front of him says, glaring up at him from his position kneeling next to the bleeding massive beast of a dog.

"Jesus, did you virgins just lose your S-Card because you're lucky I was smart enough to create another diversion for you dumbasses." Richie says, but his tone wasn't malicious like before. This was simply Richie.

"Guys, this is my Trashmouth of a brother, Richie. This is Bill, Stanley, and Eddie." Bev says pointing to each respective boy.

“Well, Virgins, I see you’ve met my demon of a sister. Bev, what have I said about taking in strays. Can’t have these riffraffs dirtying up our home.” Richie says in what he calls his Authority Voice, but just sounds like a slightly deeper version of his own.

Bev rolls her eyes, but the Eddie isn’t having it, not while he’s trying to help the dog.

“We’re the riffraff? I don’t know if you’ve noticed, asshole, but I’m pretty sure if you scraped your skin with a spoon, layers of grime would build up in it.” Eddie says, not looking up from his work.

Stan kicks him in the ankle, causes him to yell, trying to remind him that this kid has a knife .

“Oh! Though he be but little, he is fierce!” Richie says, this time in his Shakespearean Voice.

“I’m not little! And I don’t have time your shirty impressions.” Eddie yells, turning back to the dog. Richie looked at the dog and as soon as he looked in its eyes, the dog began to cry.

“Poor dude.” Richie scratched the dog's ears.

“Can I see the jerky?” Richie asked, holding out his hand for Bev to place the bag but not taking his gaze of the dog.

“Here you go, Pup.” Richie tears open the pack and starts feeding it to the dog. The dog, obviously a stray, gobbles it up.

“S-S-So w-w-why are you g-guys in Derry?” Bill asks, blushing at his stutter.

“Well, Bill Boy, we are what some would call drifters. We go from town to town, state to state, kicking ass and leaving behind a fuck ton of broken hearts.”

“I’m sure of that.” Eddie says sarcastically.

“The list is as long as my wang!” Richie grabs at his crotch and Eddie is glad that he was facing the dog.

“That’s not saying much.” Stan says, making Bev laugh.

“It’s nice that you guys are helping this little guy.” Bev says, smiling.

“W-We couldn’t-t just l-l-leave him.” Bill says.

“We better get going, Richie.” Bev says, a small smile on her face.

“Take care of her, fuckers.” Richie says, giving the dog another strip of jerky and a head rub.

And before Bill could invite them the Quarry the next day, the two mysterious pair of siblings was gone.

“They were weird. Right, it wasn’t just me? They were weird right?” Stanley says, looking between his friends.

“Yes”

“No”

Both Eddie and Bill say simultaneously.

“Well, guys, I finished patching her up the best I can but, what are we go-” Eddie started, but as soon as he stood up from his spot next to the animal, she ran off.

“Well, I guess she made her own decision.” Stan says, sighing.

“L-L-Let’s just g-g-go to the f-f-field, already. W-W-We have a g-g-game plan to create. To find G-G-Georgie.” Bill says, returning to his bike, Stan and Eddie give each other a look, but follow their friend all the same.

The bike ride over to the Field was relatively normal. They talked about who in their grade liked who, what their parents were planning for the summer, oh and the missing kids in their town. It is no secret that kids in Derry go missing frequently. It seemed to be a simple fact of life in Derry. Almost like an unseen blip on the three boys’ radars. That is until Bill’s little brother Georgie went missing. It had been six months, but he refused to give up home; that Georgie is just lost somewhere in the Barrens. Stan and Eddie knew that there was no

way that survived falling into the sewers. Nevermind that he would survive six months on his own with no food or water or survival skills. But how could they tell that to Bill. He had made Georgie the boat the caused him to be playing in the gutters in the first place. They couldn't tell him.

They were so enthralled in their conversations that they didn't hear the engine of Butch Higgins' car until it skidded to a stop in front of them, blocking their biking escape route.

"Shit! Bowers!" Eddie says, and the pair turn to run back, but two of Bowers' monkeys were already waiting. They were trapped.

"Well, if it isn't Stuttering Bill and his two fag friends. What a treat!" Bowers says, a sick smile on his face.

"L-L-L-Leave u-u-us a-alone." Bill says, wincing at how his stutter worsens while flustered.

"W-W-What you say? I can't understand you." Henry says, mocking Bill.

"It's summer! Can't you leave us alone?" Stan asks, which seems to piss of Henry.

"Oh, I've gone easy on you girls this years because of Stuttering Bill's dead brother. But it's summer and it's time we made up for lost time!"

Henry lunges and catches Bill, twisting his arms behind his back. Belch and Gard grab Stan; Gard has a vice grip on Stan's curls while Belch has Stan's backpack stabs. Victor and Peter grab Eddie twisting his own arms behind his back similarly to Bill.

"Now, I have a great plan for you girls. Should I start with sissy boy here or should I start with the mental case?"

"Fuck off Henry! He's not crazy!" Eddie says, fuming that Bowers would use Stan's OCD against him.

"I guess Sissy boy volunteers! Gee, I wonder just how many germs are in the mud? What do you think, Patrick?" Henry asks and Eddie's

eyes go wide.

“NO, NO, NO, NO!” Eddie yells, but it’s too late.

Before Eddie can hold his breath his face his being shoved into the mud puddle on the side of the road. It’s warm from the sun and has sticks and rocks in it, scraping up his face terribly. He knew he was screaming and could feel his eyes stinging with tears but all he cared about was all the bacteria festering in the mud. The mud covering his face.

“Let go of him! Stop it!” Stan yells, panicking.

“Oh, are you jealous you didn’t get picked first? Well, I guess it’s your turn!” Bowers yells, pulling his backpack off of his shoulders.

“S-S-Stop i-it!” Bill yells, already knowing what they were doing.

“Jew Boy, your backpack is much too clean and organized! I’ll help you with that!” Henry dumps the contents of the backpack all over the rode, papers and books going everywhere. Then he throws the backpack into the mud, getting thrashed around along with Eddie.

“S-S-Suck a-a-a-a d-dick!” Bill yells, and Henry gets pissed off. He punches Bill in the stomach, and when Bill doubles over, he knees his face.

“S-S-Shut up, Billy!” Henry mocks Bill again.

Meanwhile, just up the road, Bev and Richie were making their way back to the van. They had supplies in their hands, Richie carrying a half full gas carton.

“I’m just saying, they seemed nice! They helped that poor dog!” Bev says, throwing her hands up.

“They were a bunch of goodie-two shoes! Did you see the way that little one was judging us! I’m fine with never seeing them again!” Richie responds, flipping his hair out of his eyes.

“All I saw was the way he turned red when he were flirting with the creepy pharmacist.” Bev says, smirking.

“Ha, as if a pretty boy like that would be my type. He probably listens to Bonnie Tyler!” Richie responds.

“So you admit he’s pretty!” Bev says and Richie blushes.

“Ah, what? No!” Richie says, shoving Bev who is hysterical.

“You were totally crus- Holy shit!” Bev says, looking dead ahead.

Richie follows her gaze and is shocked by what he sees. The three boys they had met maybe fifteen minutes before were in front of them, but they weren’t alone. A group of assholes were there too. The smallest boy, who Richie remembers was named Eddie, was having his face shoved into mud. The leader, Bill was getting beat and the boy Stan was freaking out. *Shit.*

He looks at Bev to see she is already giving him and the look. *We have to do something* look. Richie groans, not wanting to get in the middle of it but knowing they can’t just leave them to get the shit beat out of them, and Bev smiles, knowing she won.

“You distract them, I have a plan!” Bev says, dropping their shit, and running into the forest without another word.

“God dammit Beverly!” Richie says, before following suit and instead running towards the boys.

Eddie could barely breathe with his face buried in the mud, and he’s scared he’ll drown in the shit. That is, until a voice breaks him out of his thoughts.

“Hey, mullet head! Didn’t your mommy tell you to keep your fucking hands to themselves?” Richie screams, and Henry’s head snaps towards the new voice.

“Why don’t you fuck off!” Henry yells, not wanting to deal with this.

“Wow, that’s rude! That’s not what your mom was telling me last night!” Richie yells and Henry’s face turns red.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” Henry yells, dropping Bill and stalking towards Richie, his friends following.

“Pretty sure, I’m your new daddy, at least that’s what your mom sai-” Richie starts, but Henry grabs him by the collar quickly.

“Shut it, Four Eyes!” Bowers yells, but Richie kicks his shin and he drops Richie.

“Wow, how fucking original!” Richie yells, before he shoves Henry back into his own lackeys and they all fall to the ground.

“Hey boys! Missing something!” Bev yells and everyone looks to her and sees Henry’s car slowly driving itself down the road.

“My car!” Henry yells, and the group chases after it.

“You better watch your back, loser! I don’t know who you are but I swear I’m gonna kill you!” Henry yells, but continues to scramble for the car until he’s out of sight.

“Jesus, we’ve saved you fuckers twice in an hour! Must be a fucking record!” Richie says, eyeing the boys who are staring at the pair.

“Y-Y-You r-really fucked y-yourself over!” Bill says, helping Eddie stand up.

“I’m not scared of some chicken-shit small town bully. I eat kids like him for breakfast!” Richie says, and Bev rolls her eyes.

“Are you guys okay?” Bev asks.

“Okay? Are we okay? No! We are not okay! Do you know how many germs are in mud! How much bacteria is festering in it! Oh my god, my mom is gonna lose her shit! I’m gonna spend the weekend in the ER! Shit!” Eddie yells, hyperventilating at the end.

“Jesus, dude. Take a fucking chill pill!” Richie says

“How can I chill! I’m going to get a staph infection from that shit and die!” Eddie yells, scrambling to find his fanny pack, lost in the struggle.

“Bill my stuff!” Stan yells, white as a sheet, clearly freaking out as much as Eddie.

“I’ll he-” Bev starts, eyeing all the stuff thrown around but Stan cuts her off.

“NO! It has to be in order! It’s all out of order! My bag is disgusting!” Stan says, grabbing the bag from the mud.

“S-S-Stan, s-stop! Y-Y-You don’t n-need the s-s-stuff a-anymore! S-School’s o-over.” Bill says, grabbing Stan’s shoulders.

“A-And Eddie, y-y-you’re n-not g-gonna g-g-get a-an infection! W-We just h-have to get i-i-it cleaned.” Bill says as Eddie takes a hit of his inhaler.

“Hey, we’re just up at the field, we have shit you can use to clean your face. Like a towel and stuff.” Richie says, surprising Bev. Usually she was the nice one and Richie was the hesitant one.

“Yeah, and I can help clean your backpack, Stan. It’ll look good as new.” Bev adds, smiling softly at the three boys.

“T-T-Thanks, t-t-that’d be g-great.” Bill says, seeing that the two had calmed down a bit.

Richie and Bev grabbed their stuff while the boys grabbed their bikes, talking quietly.

“What if they kidnap us! We’re gonna end up like Etan Patz or Johnny Gosch! My mom says-” Eddie says but Stan cuts him off.

“Eddie, your mom is usually full of shit!”

“Ready boys!” Richie says, walking past them towards the field.

“Where are we going?” Stan asks, confused.

“We are taking you to Casa PC! It’s a true honor so consider your little selves some lucky shits.” Richie says and Eddie rolls his eyes.

When they get to the field, they realize what they meant. By the bridge, in the field was a van. A fire pit was set up not far from it with ratter blankets surrounding it. Setting up a fire was two boys, a chubbier boy and a dark skinned boy. Neither realized what was

going on until Richie screamed.

“Yo, fuckers! We brought strays!” Richie yells, and the boys turn to see them.

“Richie, what the fuck happened?” Mike says, walking up to meet them.

“We found them at the store and I said ‘Gosh, we just have to keep them’ don’t you agree?” Richie says and everyone rolls their eyes.

“They got a bit scuffed up by a bunch of assholes, We thought we’d help them a bit.” Bev says, and Ben nods.

“We don’t have much, but we’ll help.” Ben says with a small smile.

Stan, Eddie, and Bill are quiet, unsure of what to do or say. Richie drops the gas can and shoves all the food in Ben’s arms, Bev does the same with Mike. Richie throws himself into the van, after a few moments pulling out a tin and a ratty looking towel. He tugs Eddie’s arm, pulling him towards the River.

“What are you doing, asshole!” Eddie yells, pulling his arm back.

“You need to clean your face. No offense but it looks like you face planted in dog shit.” Richie says, and Eddie grits his teeth but follows.

“The river?”

“Nature’s shower, Eds.” Eddie scowls.

“Don’t call me Eds.” Taking the now soaking wet towel from Richie and scrubs his face vigorously.

“Jesus, don’t scrub so fucking hard. You’re gonna hurt your pretty face!” Richie says and Eddie blushes hard.

“Shut up.” Eddie says, handing back the towel.

“What’s that?” Eddie asks, nodding to the box.

“Well, the rocks and shit scraped your face. It’s band-aids and stuff.” Richie says, looking slightly uncomfortable.

“Oh, thanks.” Eddie says, and Richie pulls out a small bottle of disinfectant and starts dabbing Eddie’s face.

Richie works in a soft of silence. For once his mouth is quiet, but his body makes up for it. His legs are shaking vigorously and he can’t help the small clicking sounds he makes with his mouth.

“Are you okay?” Eddie asks, confused.

“Oh, uh yeah. I’m fine. Just my ADHD deciding to be a little shit. It’s why I never shut up.” Richie says, looking anywhere but Eddie’s eyes.

“I noticed. It’s not weird though. You’re talking to one of the three members of the Loser’s Club of Derry. I don’t have room to judge.” Eddie says, snorting.

“Loser’s Club?” Richie asks, confused.

“We have Bill with his severe stutter, Stan with his OCD and being Jewish in an almost entirely christian town, and me with my Asthma and meds and shortness.” Eddie answers honestly.

“What do you take meds for?” Richie asks, letting his mouth talk before he thought about it.

“Wait, that was something I’m not supposed to say. Beep. Beep, Richie.” Richie mumbles the end.

“I just got a whole bunch of illnesses and shit. My mom knows more about it. Why did you say, ‘Beep. Beep, Richie’. What does that mean?” Eddie asks, and Richie laughs.

“That’s just something Bev came up with when we were eleven. Sometimes i can’t stop myself and my mouth. When you say that, I know it’s too much and to stop. Sounds dumb but it works.” Richie answers honestly, but the relaxed and soft look on Eddie’s face makes him trust him.

“Sounds like a good method.” Eddie says, and Richie’s brain can’t

handle the small smile on his pretty face.

“Yeah, that’s what your mom sa-” Richie starts but Eddie cuts him off, laughing.

“Beep. Beep, Richie.” Both boys laugh.

When they finish, Richie helps Eddie up, and they make their way back to the group, now around the fire. Stan’s backpack was cleaned and Bill’s face wasn’t covered in blood like before. Richie and Eddie sat between Bev and Bill.

“What’s up, fuckers. What’d we miss?” Richie asks.

“I was just about to ask what these three were doing out here.” Ben says, a curious expression.

Immediately, Stan and Eddie look uneasy and stiff. But Bill answers as if he’s answered this question a million times.

“W-W-We’re m-m-making a p-plan to f-f-find G-Georgie.” Bill says, confusing the four homeless kids.

“Georgie? What is he, your dog?” Mike asks, but Bill doesn’t appreciate the question.

“N-No, he’s m-my younger b-b-b-brother.” Bill says as if it’s obvious and Bev immediately looks worried.

“Oh my, we should be looking for him! How old is he? Where did you last see him?” Bev asks, going to stand but Stan who was next to her, grabbed her arm.

“He went missing six months ago. Disappeared down a storm drain.” Eddie says quietly, and he feels the urge to use his inhaler.

“Oh, dude that’s fucked up.” Richie says, clearly uncomfortable.

“It’s o-o-okay. W-W-We’re g-g-gonna find h-h-him this s-s-summer. A-A-After m-m-mapping o-o-out the s-s-sewer s-s-system with h-h-hamster t-t-tunnels, w-we f-figured out t-t-the g-g-general a-area he is.” Bill says. Stan is clearly is uncomfortable, and decides to change

the subject.

“Why are you guys in Derry?”

“We’re performing at the bar, Temp Tavern tomorrow night. You guys should come check us out! The shows can get intense but by the looks of this town, I doubt it’ll be too much for you.” Bev says, smirking at the end. Bill turns red.

“W-We’ll b-b-be there! S-S-Should b-be fun.” Bill says quickly, Stan stares at him uneasily and Eddie gapes.

“Um, Bill, in case you forgot, my mom will drop dead if she knows I’m here! How in the hell would I ever manage to go out at night and to that place!” Eddie says, puffing on his inhaler at the thought of it.

“Aw, don’t worry Eds! With that cute face, you wouldn’t last two minutes! You can just stay home with your mommy and I’ll just pay her a late night visit.” Richie says, pinching an unscathed patch of his smooth cheek.

“Fuck off, Trashmouth. Don’t call me Eds.” Eddie says, swatting at Richie’s gloved hand.

“And I’ll be there. My mom doesn’t own me!” Eddie says, crossing his arms.

“I’ll go I guess. Better than studying the Torah with my dad.” Stan says and Ben smiles.

“The shows are a lot of fun. My favorite are the ones in houses. Those are the craziest.” Ben says, thinking of their show the night before.

“Yeah, you’re not gonna find one of those in Derry.” Stan says and Richie laughs.

“Oh, you would be fucking surprised. We’ll find one tomorrow night, boys. Just you shitheads wait!” Richie says, and everyone laughs.

They spend the night hour talking and joking. They all seemed to click well. Bev is enjoying having more than just the three boys to talk to, even if they’re her family. Mike is also enjoying the company,

always the most social of the group. Ben is just happy that Bev seems to be happy. Richie is apprehensive. Sure, these guys seem cool, and Eddie messes with his head for sure, but for how long? They weren't staying in Derry more than a few days. Then they were off to another town, another field, another party. It wasn't like they could write letters or call on the phone. These boys all came from happy homes and normal lives. After the thrill of faux rebellion of hanging with a few punk homeless kids, would these kids even talk to him? But he shook his head. He wouldn't think too much, he'll save it for his notebook later tonight.

It wasn't until the stars started to show that the boys had to go.

"I-I-It was c-c-cool h-hanging with y-y-you guys, but i-i-if I'm l-l-late for d-d-dinner, my m-mom w-will get h-h-hysterical." Bill says, grabbing his bike.

"Yeah, I have to help my dad get ready for service tomorrow." Stan says, following suit.

"My mom's gonna have an aneurysm if I don't get home to take my pills." Eddie says, and Richie feels his heart tug a bit, all four of them do. The fact that they all had no parents slapped them in the face; Richie could barely handle it.

"Leave the door unlocked for me, Eddie, I'll be seeing your mom tonight!" Richie yelled after the boy and Eddie shook his head.

"Fuck off, Richie!" Eddie yelled, biking after Bill and Stan.

"They're cooler than I thought." Bev says, a small smile on her face.

"Do you actually think they'll show tomorrow?" Ben asks.

"I think they'll try. No idea if they'll get through the doors." Mike says, laughing.

"They're fine. We'll see how long it lasts." Richie says, pulling his bag out of the van.

"I don't know, you and pretty boy seemed to hit it off." Bev says, smirking and Richie blushes hard.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about! We’re more like rivals! He’s definitely not my type.” Richie yells.

“You guys sure have a good banter going.” Ben adds.

“Oh suck my dick!” Richie yells, pulling out his book.

“I’d rather sleep. I’m going in the van.” Ben says, and a chorus of me too's from Bev and Mike follow.

“You coming Tozier?” Mike asks.

“Nah, the stars will be me company tonight.” Richie responds in what he calls his tortured artist voice.

“Leave the poetry to Ben, Trashmouth!” Mike says before slamming the van doors.

Down the road, the three Derry Losers were biking their way home, away from their new friends.

“They are a lot more chill than I thought.” Stan says, breaking the silence.

“Y-Y-Yeah, I l-l-like them!” Bill says.

“We still going to their show tomorrow?” Stan asks, a bit nervous.

“I’m going, even if I have to crawl through a bathroom window!” Eddie exclaims, earning knowing looks from his friends.

“What? I’m beating Richie! He cannot win!” Eddie says, blushing all the same.

“S-S-Sure, Eddie. W-W-Whatever you s-s-say.” Bill says, smiling.

He was happy that Eddie found someone he liked, even if he didn’t really know it yet. Figuring out he was gay was hard for Eddie, hard for anyone in Derry. It was a hard place for outcasts, and the three of them sure were. Eddie already got heavy shit for being short, for being feminine, and for people just thinking he was gay. And his mom was no better. She was always breathing down his neck about

his illnesses and germs and being her perfect baby boy. She was as big as a house, but god forbid he eats a single gram of sugar. She hated Bill and Stan, saying they were putting her precious baby in danger of germs and death.

That also made dating hard. Germs. God, in theory kissing and stuff sounds great to Eddie. He was no kid when it came to those thought. But beyond his dreams and time in the shower, it made him squirm. The human mouth is filled with germs. Sexual activities are germ central, not even counting STDs. Even if he got close enough to a boy (just the idea gives him flashbacks to when Jack Smyth tried to kiss him behind the bleachers in seventh grade and he had an asthma attack and ran off) he can't help the burning tightness in his chest. Even if he wanted to kiss an attractive boy, his mind went to germs and infection and death. A wonderful gift from his mother.

"Well, it's definitely a change from movie night at Bill's. We're running out of cheesy horror flicks to scream about." Stan says, and all three laugh.

Finally, alone, Richie pulls out his Walkman, slipping the black headphones over his ears. Immediately his mixtape made for night like this was filling his ears, and he felt a bit of tension escape his shoulders. Looking at the stars, and thinking of the pretty boy with a foul mouth that scared the shit out of him, he immediately started to fill the pages of his notebook. The notebook was small, about the size of his hand, but it did the job. It was one of the most important things he owned.

Inside was a photo of his family. Before he was put into the system and his life went to shit. He thinks he was two in the picture, but he doesn't know. He had an older sister, she was older, probably ten in the picture. His mom was smiling, she looked pretty when she smiled. She had hair like him, a mess of black curls and her face was tanned and spotted with freckles, his sister looked the same. His dad was tall and pale and strong looking. His sister looked like she wanted to jump off the walls, like he always did. He was just a smiling semi-toothless toddler. They all looked happy.

He doesn't like to look at the picture. But he does like to know that he can. That if he wants, he can pretend he is just on an adventure

and he'll return home soon. But that hurts too much, so he keeps it taped in the back of the notebook.

In the corner of his eye, he sees a shadow move. He pulls off his headphones and drops his notebook, whipping out his knife. He hears more sounds, like someone walking closer; he waits in anticipation and holds his knife at ready. Seconds later, the beast of a dog from before shows itself. Richie's tense body loosens and he puts the knife back into his pocket.

"Hey Pup, looking for more food?" Richie says as the dog plops down next to him.

Richie scratches its ears and feeds it bits of jerky. But the dog doesn't move to go, it only moves itself closer to Richie. Richie isn't sure how or when, but he falls asleep cuddling up with the dog, which he fondly has named Pup. He sleeps soundly that night.

2. Chapter Two

Summary for the Chapter:

> This chapter is mostly fluff and developing the relationships between the characters.
>
> Hope you enjoy!

Dinner between Sonya and Eddie Kaspbrak was surprisingly quiet. Usually it was filled with chatter from Eddie, detailing his day and friends and events at school. Sonya would add her own stories about the events of her day at work. Today was different.

Eddie was already showered in his pajamas, a pair he'd stolen from Bill a few months before when his own clothes had been soaked from swimming. His hair smelled like his favorite strawberries and cream shampoo and his face was scrubbed clean, not a single blemish, zit, or blackhead adorned his face. Usually, if Eddie was displaying this sort of behavior, it would be off to the E.R., sure that he was suffering some deadly illness that would rip her boy away from her right before her very eyes. But he seemed to be glowing, smiling softly. He must have just had a busy day while playing at Bill's house. So, she decided to leave it and let him eat, as long as he took his medicine and finished his broccoli.

She simply detailed the story that Brenda from PR told her about Brian from marketing and how he started crying at his desk because his supervisor told him that his ad promoting their new blood pressure medication was missing something. Eddie nodded and even giggled at the way his mother described the crying but didn't add any of his usual comments.

When Eddie finished his meal, he went to immediately go upstairs to

go to sleep, but his mother stopped him, frown etched onto her face.

“Eddie Bear, don’t forget to take your medicine! Don’t want you getting any more sick; with you out running amuck with those *boys* .” Sonya says, and Eddie rolls his eyes at the way she talks about his friends before turning back into the kitchen.

“Sorry mommy, just want to read the next chapter of Jurassic Park before I go to sleep.” Eddie says, pulling out the pill box, colored purple to signify night dose.

“Well, don’t stay up too late. Sleep helps to keep you healthy and fight off illness.” Sonya says, smiling as he swallows the various, multicolored pills with a large gulp of water from the sink, rakes her fingers through Eddie hair, now curling at the ends.

Sonya notices the curling and frowns, a memory from when she was Eddie’s own age flashes for a moment, but she pushes it away.

“Eddie Bear, you need a haircut. Your hair is getting long, and it’s easier to get lice from one of those kids at school or even at the Aladdin. I never trusted those nasty velvet chairs…” Sonya says, her face twisted in disgust.

“I’ll be fine, mommy. Don’t worry, I’ll get it cut.” Eddie says with a smile, and Sonya smiles back.

“Well, I’m taking my medication and getting to sleep. You know how

they make me sleep like a rock. Goodnight, Eddie Bear." Sonya says, grabbing her own purple pill box.

"NIght mommy!" Eddie says, clammering up the stairs.

As soon as Eddie heard the squeaking of his mother's old box spring and obnoxious snores filled the air, Eddie sprang into action. In the blink of an eye, he jumped out of his bed, where he had been pretending to sleep in case his mother checked up on him before she went to sleep, and stripped.

He had his outfit planned since he got home yesterday. He couldn't show up in the clothes he would wear to the Barrens. No, tonight was special. They were going to a concert for the first time. Well, Bill and Stan had been to concerts before, but not Eddie. His mom would have a heart attack simply at the idea. *The sound could damage his eardrums! The amount of people all on top of each other sweating! Not to mention the drugs and cigarettes that people did at these concerts would irritate his asthma.* At least, that's what she claimed when at twelve years old, Eddie had begged to see Madonna when she was playing in Portland, only an hour away from Derry. He had cried embarrassingly hard in bed when she yelled at him for asking, not that anyone besides himself knew that.

But that was five years ago and now he was going to a concert.

Once he finished dressing himself, he looked at his outfit in the mirror. These light wash jeans were his favorite. They were loose where they should be, but just the right amount of tight in the places that mattered. His baby pink oversized sweater was tucked loosely into the jeans and the sleeves were cuffed comfortably at the elbows. His favorite part though, were his shoes. The white strappy heels

added an extra two inches and dammit, they made him feel powerful. He wasn't insecure of his height, but the extra inches that the heels provided gave him a little boost every so often.

He had started to dress feminine beyond the confines of his house about a year ago. His mother enjoyed it when he wore feminine things, saying they made him look pretty and how it was an easy way for them to connect. But she wasn't the biggest fan of him wearing it outside the house. She only tried to steer him from it once, warning about other people's perception. But he wanted to feel pretty and he wasn't scared of what Bowers or anyone else had to say about it. (Not necessarily true, but he wouldn't let a few bruises and dirty looks get to him)

He looked at the clock and saw he only had twenty minutes before he had to meet Bill and Stan in his driveway and quickly sat at his desk. From underneath, he pulled out a small box. Inside was an array of makeup that Eddie had built up, with the help of his mother of course. He didn't want to over do it, so he did a more minimal look, accenting his features. As he painted his face precisely, he could feel the confidence he got while doing his makeup compete with the nervousness he felt when he thought of tonight. While Bill and Stan completely supported Eddie and were by now unfazed by his feminine tendencies (as his mother called it), he had no idea what the others would think. They had only known them for a day, would they hate him, even try to hurt him? He shook the thought from his head, if he got into that mindset now, the entire night would be ruined.

Once he was finished, he sprayed his face to make sure no matter how much he sweat at the bar, his makeup wouldn't budge. He then grabbed his house key and tip toes out the front door. Sure enough, Bill and Stan were talking quietly at the end of the driveway, next his neighbor's rose bushes. Bill was going on about something that Eddie couldn't hear. Stan had a soft smile on his face, a faint blush across his cheeks. Eddie rolled his eyes. The pair were so in love and didn't

even realize it. It was adorable and sickening. Eddie was just grateful that the years of friendship never allowed him to feel like a third wheel, the trio were best friends, and the increasing romantic feelings between two of them couldn't change that.

"H-Hey Eddie, y-y-you look good!" Bill said once he eyes Eddie approaching.

"With the amount of time spent getting ready, I'd hope so." Stan deadpans and the trio laughs.

"Beauty isn't easy or quick, Stan. We need to look good if we're going to get in." Eddie says as the begin the walk toward the center of town wear the bar was.

"I'm s-s-sure we'll b-b-be fine." Bill says but Stan rolls his eyes.

"Yes, it's the bouncers you're trying to impress and not at all Richie." Stan retorts, causing Eddie to turn bright red.

"Stan! I do *not* have a crush on the trashmouth! And you are not one to talk about crushes." Eddie retorts making Stan's eyes widen.

"Y-Y-You h-have a c-crush on s-someone?" Bill asks, hurt that Stan would tell Eddie and not Bill.

"No, I do not. Eddie is just deflecting so he can deny his obvious

crush.” Stan says.

Bill changes the topic, not wanting to deal with whatever *this* is. They talk a bit about their summer plans and mostly about if they’ll get into the bar. None of them had the desire to drink, they simply wanted to watch the band. Hopefully the bouncers will believe them.

Eddie feels a bit guilty for sneaking out. If his mother knew he had snuck off to go to a *bar* to see a *punk band* comprising of a group of *homeless teens* , he was pretty sure she would die on the spot. But he always did what she wanted. Tonight he was doing something for him.

Meanwhile, at Tempe Tavern, the members of Persephone’s Children were getting ready for their performance. Mike and Ben were setting up the speakers and other tech equipment with the help of a mostly lost waitress. They whizzed around the small stage, plugging things in here and carrying equipment there. Bev was talking to the bartender, and from where Richie is, he can see she she is leaning towards the man, no older than 20; her signature *I want something so I’m going to flirt it out of you* smile plastered to her face. Richie was sitting on the stage, he legs dangling off and his guitar in his lap. He was in charge of tuning his and Bev’s guitars as well as Mike’s bass. While he strummed the strings of his guitar, listening to the slight change in tune as he plucks each string, he decides to listen in on Bev’s conversation.

“This place is already more crowded than I thought! For such a small town, it’s already filling up.” Bev says and the bartender lets out a deep laugh.

“Sure, Derry is small but people come from all around to Tempe.

Rock is everywhere but not many places in south Maine cater to it. We're one of the few, hence our popularity. It gets pretty rowdy in here." He says, cleaning glasses to be sure they'd be ready when customers started swarming as the band played.

"That's amazing, I love this place already. The shows gonna be awesome! I just hope that my friends can see it. Should be a sight!" She says, leaning just that much closer to the man.

"Any friend of yours should be fine!" The man says, eyes straying from Bev's face; Richie scrunches his nose.

"I hope so! They're from in town but I'm afraid they won't get it. I'd ask the bouncer but I don't know him…" Bev says, eyeing the man.

"Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it! What are their names? Hey, Tommy, get over here!" The man yells and Richie rolls his eyes.

Richie loved Bev, but sometimes she can be too nice. She had a contingency for helping people, even if it puts her at risk. It was sweet, but Richie was not like that. Why bother? People only ask for help because they are using you. Once they get what they want, they move on and leave you in the dust.

"Alright Lassy, have a right time flirting with the bloke over there?" Richie says in a voice that is an obvious attempt at irish but sounds more like an off Richie.

“I was making sure the Bill, Stan, and Eddie can get in without the bouncer kicking them to the curb. My plan was a success.” Bev responds, ignoring Richie’s terrible voice.

“That’s awesome! They seemed cool.” Ben says, not only happy that Bev is happy, but happy to make friends in general.

“I think they’ll enjoy the show. They seem like they’d be down.” Mike adds before returning his focus to the amp that was just a second slower than the rest.

“Was that really necessary?” Richie asks, not looking up from the guitar.

“Uh, duh, Richie. What if they wouldn’t let them in? I mean, they definitely don’t look 18.” Bev says as if Richie just asked if the earth was flat.

“Do you think they’re even gonna fucking show? I mean, they didn’t seem like they go to punk shows on the reg. Eddie would have a fucking conniption at the mention of a house gig. I think he would actually drop dead with a goddamn aneurysm.” Richie says, laughing but Bev saw right through it.

“They’ll come. They wouldn’t have said they would if they weren’t. They don’t seem the type. Richie…” Bev tries to talk to him about it but Richie cuts her off before she could.

“These assholes are about as punk as my pinky toe. No way would those three classic american boys be caught dead here. I’m more focused on what babe I’ll be fucking tonight. I mean, look at all the-” Richie starts but Ben cuts him off.

“Beep. Beep, Richie.” And the moment is forgotten and before they can think to bring it back up, they are starting.

Bev, being the fiery soul she is, starts the introductions, saying who played what and the band’s name. While Mike strummed his bass and Ben smashed his drums, Richie’s eyes scanned the crowd, searching everywhere for the trio (definitely not especially Eddie, nope). He laughed at the things Bev said about him and played a quick solo but still searched. The trio were nowhere to be found, the light may have been bright, but the room was small enough for Richie to be able to see that they were nowhere in sight.

As they went straight into the first song, Bev scanned the crowd for their new friends, disappointed that they weren’t there. But, they were only starting and even she could see the line in the window. There was still plenty of time for the boys to make their way in. But, as she belted out the first verse of the song, she turned to Richie and felt like her heart was being squeezed. The utter devastation written all over his face made her want to drop her guitar and wrap him in a hug.

It was no secret that Richie was the most guarded of the four of them. While all four had shitty pasts, Richie’s had to be the worst. He rarely ever shared anything from before they lived in Mike’s van; but from the snippets Bev got out of him, it was a horror show that matched and maybe surpassed her own horrors. The two are closer; close enough to consider each other siblings, even if there is no blood relation. But, that wasn’t the case at first. It took an entire month for

them to have a conversation. So, when she saw how eager Richie was the help the boys, she was surprised. He had let his walls down just a bit for these boys and seeing them not there broke his heart, which broke Bev's.

At the same time, Bill, Stan, and Eddie all waited on line outside the Tempe Tavern, eager to get in as the show had already started.

"I can't believe we're missing it! We're gonna miss the whole thing and look like complete jerks!" Eddie said, his anxiety only skyrocketing as the line shuffled forward slowly.

"W-We're n-n-not g-gonna miss i-it, Eddie. T-T-There a-are only s-s-six p-people a-ahead of us." Bill said, but his increased stutter revealed his own nervousness.

"Both of you are way too high strung about this. It's just a show in a bar in Derry. This isn't the House of Blues." Stan says, rolling his eyes at his two idiot friends.

"I will not be shown up by Richie! I said that I would be here and dammit I'm getting in there even if I have to climb the goddamn roof!" Eddie says, face red from yelling.

"IDs." The bouncer says, interrupting the trio who hadn't realized they made it to the front of the line yet.

"W-W-We're n-not h-here to d-d-drink, w-we're just h-here for the b-

band.” Bill says and the bouncer has an unimpressed look on the face.

“Sure, you and every other kid in town. Next!” the bouncer says and two people shove2 the three forward.

“Seriously, we don’t drink. You can have someone watch us for all we care.” Stan says, trying to help.

“I have better things to do than babysit all night.” The bouncer says.

“We’re friends with the band! If you just asked then th-” Eddie started frantically but was cut off by the bouncer snapping his head to the trio with an alarmed expression.

“Wait, what are you names?” The bouncer asks, the three boys give each other a look before complying.

“Oh my, I am so sorry! Come in! I didn’t realize you were on the list! The band specifically asked for you!” The bouncer yelled, pulling the boys inside like rag dolls.

“I’d appreciate it if you didn’t mention this to anyone. I really need this job. Don’t worry about the cover, it’s on the house. Have a nice night, boys!” The bouncer yells as he shoves the shocked boys inside.

“T-Told y-you we would g-get in.” Bill says smiling and leading his way through the crowd, Eddie and Stan following closely.

“Are you sure we’re still in Derry? This place is actually crowded.” Stan says, looking around with a grimace.

“I can’t believe we were on the list…” Eddie says, attempting to ignore the flutter in his chest.

Eddie scanned the crowd around him, seeing how packed the bar was and how he didn’t recognize most of the people in it. To be fair, he has never been to a bar before. But a large portion of these people were definitely not from Derry. A majority of them, dressed like Bev and Richie and for a moment Eddie felt out of place. But, as they made their way closer to the stage, Eddie saw the band and quietly gasped.

Ben was banging the drums, a concentrated look on his face, his shirt already showing signs of him sweating under the lights. Mike had a smile on his face, nodding his head to the tune he played for the others. Bev had a bright smile, seeming to buzz as she played her bright pink guitar. Then there was Richie. Richie was actually jumping along with the song, playing his guitar so fast that Eddie couldn’t keep up with the movements of his fingers. Richie and Eddie locked eyes for a moment, just as the song was ending and Richie seemed to light up like the sun. Eddie smiled in return, the back of his mind cataloging the lack of judgement on Richie’s face. Quite the opposite, he seemed ecstatic that they had made it. It was a bit overwhelming for Eddie and he turned to look at the smirking faces of his friends, his face turning red again.

Richie turned to Bev, his smile from ear to ear and he seemed to buzz with excitement. She returned the smile, happy to see her new friends and happy that Richie is out of his funk. Sure, to anyone

besides the band, he was happy and charged up. But they could see the disappointment radiating off of him. But as soon as Bill, Stan, and Eddie walked through the door, it was like he was struck by lightning. As they finished the song, Richie looked Eddie in the eyes once more and spoke into the microphone.

“Damn, Bev, this place sure knows how to pack a room. Look at all these fuckers!” Richie says with a smile, the crowd cheers and Bev laughs.

“They sure do, Richie!” Bev responds.

“Well, this one goes out to all our new friends tonight! This is Fake Smiles and Nervous Laughter. Hope you enjoy it.” Richie yelled and the band immediately started playing the song.

It was risky to play it so soon, seeing as Richie had only written it the night before. It was rare for Richie to create almost an entire song so quickly. He begged the others to learn it and play tonight, so they agreed to play it in the beginning of the set after practicing the whole day. It couldn’t hurt and it was a fun song. Throughout the song, Richie would stare at Eddie before focusing on Bev and Mike, and it did not go unnoticed by anyone. Eddie fails to hide his blood red face and wide smile behind his hands, which also does *not* go unnoticed.

“He keeps staring at you, Eddie.” Stan states and Eddie barely registers he said anything, too focused on the band (Richie).

“Y-Y-Yeah, he a-already has a c-c-crush on y-y-you, Eddie!” Bill says, a smile spreading across his face.

“He doesn’t have a crush on me. He’s just performing.” Eddie yells over the crowd, starting to dance a bit.

Stan and Bill share a knowing look before begrudgingly dancing alongside Eddie.

The show was amazing. Absolutely amazing. Eddie didn’t know if this was like any other concert or just this concert, but Eddie loved it. The music was so loud this is body felt like it was shaking. The people were all jumping around and dancing, their sweaty bodies colliding. The smoke from cigarettes and maybe something else was wafting through the air. Eddie loved every second of it. He felt like his body was on fire. He couldn’t stop laughing, and at times he sang along as if he knew that words. If this was how concerts were, then he wanted to go to them all the time.

Bill and Stan saw how enthralled with everything Eddie was, and they were completely surprised. They thought that Eddie would be dying to get out, away from all the people and smoke and sweat. But the boy looked like he was having the time of his life. Sure, Bill and Stan had gone to a few concerts with their families and even each other. But this was Eddie’s first. They were sure they looked like Eddie at their first concert.

Eventually, after an hour and a half, the show ended. The energy of the crowd died down and people started to disperse. This did not mean, however, that Eddie calmed down at all.

“Come on, guys! We have to go say hi!” Eddie yelled, grabbing his friend's hands and dragging them up to the stage. A small crowd,

much smaller than before, gathered by the stage talking to the band as the packed away all their equipment. But that didn't stop Eddie from barreling his way through to talk to them.

Richie was packing the guitars away into their cases when he heard Eddie pushing his way closer. At first he thought he was imagining it until he turned to look.

"Excuse me! Pardon! Oops! Making my way through!" Eddie yelled, pushing past the other people with an unapologetic look on his face.

"Eddie!" Richie says, smiling and rushing over the the edge of the stage to talk to them.

"Richie! Oh my god, that was amazing! Like, holy shit! You said you were in a band but you didn't say you were actually good! Better than good! Amazing!" Eddie yelled, practically jumping off the walls, the biggest smile on his face.

"Glad you liked it, Eddie Spaghetti. We just knew we had to put on a good show with such a babe in the audience!" Richie replies and if his heart is fluttering at Eddie's words, he doesn't tell anyone.

"Don't call me that, asshole!" Eddie yells with absolutely no malice in his tone.

"Y-You g-guys were g-g-great, Richie!" Bill says.

“You were fine.” Stan adds, in Stan talk that was a great compliment.

“Thanks guys! That means a lot!” Bev responds from behind Richie.

“Hey Bev! You have such an amazing voice! Like, the way you sing in contrast to how you play the guitar is amazing!” Eddie says, and Bev laughs loudly.

“Wow, Eddie, thanks! I can see you enjoyed it!” Bev says, her smile as bright as ever.

“Enjoyed it? You’d think he just did crack! The kid’s ecstatic!” Richie says and Eddie smacks his leg.

“I had fun! That was just great! How Mike and Ben seem to mesh and you two bounce off of each other and how it all blends together! I loved it! Not my usual music but still, pretty freaking amazing!” Eddie went on, causing Richie to blush and Bev to snicker.

“We should be done packing away the instruments. Most of it is staying here for tomorrow’s show so it should only take a few minutes! Why don’t you get a booth and we’ll all meet you over there!” Bev says and Eddie is charging off to find a big enough table.

“Your boy toy seemed *very* impressed, Richie.” Bev says before walking away to finish up.

“He is *not* my boy toy!” Richie yells and scrambles to follow.

True to her word, the band didn’t take longer than ten minutes to meet them at the table, drinks in hand.

“We made it, bitches!” Richie yelled, throwing himself into the booth across from Eddie.

“And we brought drinks!” Ben says, handing out bottles of coke.

“You guys were just amazing! That was crazy!” Eddie burst out and everyone laughs.

“Thanks Eddie, I’m glad you had fun!” Mike says, sliding in after Bev.

“Y-Y-Yeah! Y-You guys are t-t-talented!” Bill says.

“Not bad.” Stan says and all four smile.

“Thanks! We had a ton of fun! We had no idea it would get this crazy. Felt a lot like a house gig. Our bar gigs are usually a lot less crowded.” Ben says with a smile.

“God, those must be crazy! I’ve never had this much fun in my life.” Eddie says, his smile looking like it’ll break his face.

“Jesus, Eds, are you this hyper after every concert or are we just that special?” Richie jokes,

“I don’t know, this is my first one!” Eddie says, still buzzing with excitement.

“Wow, at the bright age of 16, Persephone’s Children has taken the concert v-card of the one and only Eddie Kaspbrak. This is a day that’ll live in infamy.” Richie says and everyone laughs again.

For a while, all seven of them just hang out at the table and laugh. Bev and Richie smoke a bit, but no one seems to mind just then. They were all having fun in each other’s company and riding out the thrill of the show until they all run out of drinks and can feel their mouth's getting dry. So, after a particularly bad mom joke, Richie is deemed responsible to get everyone another coke.

“What? Why do I have to get it. I’m all the way on the inside!” Richie yells.

“Because that was a terrible joke, asshole!” Eddie yells.

“Fine, but I want my seat when i get back!” Richie yells and the others move so he can get out.

After fifteen minutes, Richie still hadn’t returned. Eddie was growing restless. He claimed that he just wanted his drink, but really, he was worried. They were in a bar after all, anything could happen.

“I’m gonna go look for him.” Eddie declares standing up.

“Seriously, Eddie. He’ll probably be over any second.” Stan says, rolling his eyes.

“I swear, Stanley. If you make me crawl on the disgusting floor, I’m going to kick your ass.” Eddie says with a glare and Bill and Stan let him out.

He walks towards the bar, fully intending to ask the bartender if he’d seen Richie when he sees him. Richie was leaning his back against the bar, elbows resting over the ledge. He had a lazy smile on his face, eyes half-lidded. In front of him was a tall guy, at least Mike’s height. He was wearing clothing similar to Richie’s but much cleaner. He was practically pressing himself into Richie, smirking and eying him like he was a dog and Richie was a piece of meat. Seven bottle of coke surrounded Richie and Eddie swore he was seeing red. Who the *hell* was this creep all over Richie?

“Jesus, Richie. We’ve been waiting for our drinks, asshole.” Eddie says glaring at the stranger.

“Oh, I didn’t realize you were with people.” The guy says, giving Eddie a look.

“Well, I didn’t perform all on my lonesome, stranger. It was nice chatting with you.” Richie says in a terrible attempt at a southern accent.

“If you wanted to flirt with some guy, least you could do was bring the drinks first.” Eddie says, leaning to grab a few of the bottles.

“Don’t worry Eds, I only got my eyes on the cute ones.” Richie says with a wink, grabbing some of the bottles. Then he says something unexpected.

“I really like your outfit. It suits you well.” Richie says, eyeing Eddie up and down.

He could barely tear his eyes away from the exposed collarbones, littered with freckles and beauty marks, To his small feet wrapped in pretty white heels. To the light blue jeans hugging him in just the right places, leaving Richie with images to think about later.

“Oh, uh, thanks Richie.” Eddie says, blushing at the comment.

“Are you wearing make-up?” Richie asks and Eddie tenses a bit.

“Yeah, I like to wear it sometimes.” Eddie says, refusing to lie but a bit afraid of his reaction.

When Richie noticed the sharp black eyeliner framing his eyes, he was pretty sure his heart stopped. His cheekbones were painted with a pink and gold shimmer. His eyebrows seemed a bit darker, more perfect. His eyelashes were inky and thick, curled more than

yesterday.

“It’s beautiful, Eds. You should practice on me sometime.” Richie half joked.

“Maybe it’ll make-up for all the terrible jokes.” Eddie says, smiling and Richie gasps.

“Edward! How dare you! Not only did you insult my amazing humor, but with a pun!” Richie says, and the pair laughs.

Once they’re all back in there seats and talking and joking again, Eddie notices. There next to the table as if he belonged there, was the dog that had been patched up only days before.

“Why the hell is that dog here?” Stan asks, confused.

“Oh, Pup?” Richie asks as if it’s completely normal for a huge dog to be sitting in a bar… with headphones on.

“Don’t ask. I woke up this morning to them all cuddled up and they’ve been attached at the hip since.” Bev says and Richie blushes deeply.

“I’m not even surprised.” Stan says and everyone laughs.

Eddie doesn't though, he has a soft smile on his face. Eddie didn't think it was weird or embarrassing, it was honestly sweet. Sure, maybe sleeping with a stray dog is a bit questionable, but the sentiment is still there. For the short amount of time that Eddie had known him, Richie seemed keep a front of not caring and not being serious, so this was a sneak peak at a different side of him that Eddie hoped he would see more of.

Eddie's moment does not go unnoticed. Bev, who sat next to an oblivious Richie, noticed this off look on Eddie's face. She could barely keep it to herself, but she did. She was conflicted. She wanted Richie to be happy, he was her brother after all. She wanted him to have good things in his life. But they were only in Derry for another day, then they were back on the road to nowhere. She wanted Richie to be happy, but will him getting attached then having to leave would just make things worse. She didn't know so she kept her thoughts to herself. This one would be for Richie to figure out.

After a few hours, well into the early morning, the bar closes and the seven are forced to separate. Stan was sleeping over Bill's house, the whole reason he could go in the first place, so they were walking the opposite direction of Eddie's house. Bev, Mike, and Ben all get into the car to drive back to field but Richie doesn't get into the car.

"Richie you coming?" Mike asks, confused.

"Nah, me and Pup are gonna walk Eddie home. I'll see you later." Richie says.

"You don't have to walk me home. I'll be fine." Eddie says, faking annoyance but touched.

“And miss some good ol’ alone time with my Eddie Spaghetti? No way!” Richie says and Eddie punches his arm lightly and they start the walk.

They walked in silence for a moment, Pup trotting along in between them. Eddie reached down and petted the top of her head.

“Are you really gonna keep her?” Eddie asked, looking at Richie.

“Of course! I can’t just leave her out on her own. She doesn’t seem to want to be left either. Guess I’m stuck with her.” Richie said, scratching behind her ears.

“Do you have dog food?”

“Uh, we have food? She mostly likes beef jerky.” Richie answers.

“Richie! She’s a dog! She needs actual dog food not road trip snacks!” Eddie says exasperated.

“How do I get dog food?” Richie asks, the back of his neck prickling with embarrassment.

He was well aware that he probably couldn’t afford dog food. They couldn’t even afford gas. Dog food was expensive.

“Hm… leave it to me. I’m sure Bill could come up with some plan to get it.” Eddie answers after a moment of thinking.

“Is his brother really missing?” Richie says without really thinking, wanting to face palm when he realizes what he said.

Eddie takes a deep breath before answering, his steps slowing just a bit. But, before Richie can tell him nevermind, Eddie responds.

“They had a funeral for Georgie but… they never actually found him. He was playing with a paper boat out in the rain. They say he got swept up into the storm drains. There was blood all over the street leading into the drain. After six months, they buried an empty casket.” Eddie says, his voice lacking it’s normal spark.

“Jesus that is tough. How come he is still looking for him?”

“He doesn’t believe Georgie’s dead. At least, he doesn’t want to believe. Stan and I know that Georgie isn’t wandering around the woods, but we can’t just tell him that. It would kill him…” Eddie trails off.

Richie doesn’t really know how to respond. A completely inappropriate joke pops into his head but he lights a cigarette before it can leave his mouth.

“You do know those things can kill you, right?” Eddie says, his nose scrunched up and Richie thinks it makes his heart stop.

“Lots of things can kill you, Eds. Are you gonna let that stop you from living life?” Richie asks, taking a long drag and blowing it out away from Eddie, remembering his little blue inhaler.

“Yeah, well I’d like to spend the rest of my life actually living and not gasping for breathe in some shitty hospital bed.” Eddie says, glaring at Richie.

“Fuck, Eds. That was dark as shit.” Richie says, but drops the cigarette and puts it out with his foot.

“You’ll thank me in twenty years when you can still jump around on stage without getting out of breath before the first song ends.” Eddie says, a small smile on his face again.

“I’ll only thank you if you’re there to see it.” Richie says with a smirk, but Eddie can see the uncertainty in his eyes. They really give him away.

“If all your shows are like tonight, then definitely.” Eddie says, a bright smile on his face.

“You really did enjoy it, didn’t you!” Richie teases and Eddie blushes.

“I’ve never been to a concert before…” Eddie mumbles.

“Holy shit, really Eds? That is a crime against humanity! Everyone needs to go to concerts! They give you just about the best feeling in the world!” Richie exclaims.

“I’m sure I can think of a few other things that can give the best feeling in the world.” Eddie says with a smirk, this time Richie blushes.

“Wow, Eddie Spaghetti gets off a good one. I’m rubbing off on you already!” Richie says and they both laugh loudly, not caring about the time.

Before the realized, they were standing outside of Eddie’s house. Eddie notices that no lights are on, meaning his mom slept through the night. *Thank god.*

“This is me…” Eddie says as he walks up the small set of steps with Richie.

“I guess this is goodnight, my dearest Edward.” Richie says using an attempt at a british accent.

Eddie and Richie stand face to face at the front door in silence; Richie fiddles with his glasses and Eddie pulls out his key. Eddie unlocks the door, but just before he turns the doorknob he does the unexpected.

“Night, Trashmouth.” Eddie says, and kisses Richie softly on the cheek.

Richie’s skin turns bright red and before he can say anything, Eddie rushes inside. Instead of rushing upstairs into his room, Eddie spies on Richie through his front windows curtains. Richie is standing in the same spot he was in moments ago. His hand is lightly brushing his cheek where Eddie had kissed him. He had the biggest, goofiest smile on his face. After a few moments, he seemed to realize he was just standing on Eddie’s porch and turned to face his dog.

“Holy shit! Pup did you see that! He kissed my fucking cheek! I am never washing this cheek again!” Richie exclaims, practically skipping off the porch and down the street.

Eddie laughs softly. This boy is too much for him.

Eddie quietly heads up to his bedroom, making sure to skip the sixth step that always made a high pitched squeak. He shut his door as slow and quiet as he could, then quickly stripped. He put the pajamas he has on before he left and wiped the makeup off with the wipes he mother bought him. Just as he settled into bed and shut his eyes, smile still plastered onto his face, his mother opened the door.

“Eddie Bear, why are you up? It’s nearly five in the morning?” His mother asked, voice thick with concern.

“I just had to go to the bathroom, mommy. Sorry for waking you.” He easily lies.

“Alright Eddie Bear. Sleep well.” With that, his mom goes back to her own bedroom.

Eddie closes his eyes again. He brings his hand to his lips, fingertips just barely brushing against them. Richie’s skin was surprisingly soft and just a little bit sweaty. Eddie loved it.

Sure, Eddie knew that Richie wasn’t going to be in Derry forever and he should probably at least try to protect his feelings, but he didn’t want to think about that just yet. He was happy. He’d never met someone like Richie and Derry wasn’t the most accepting place. So he’ll take this little summer love and treasure it.

*

*

Richie watched the sun rise in the distance, just beyond the field. He decided he was too amped up to go sleep in the blanket on the field just yet. So, he and Pup continued to slowly walk through Derry. By the time he was walking down the road towards the field, the sun was almost finished rising. He took this time the think.

They were only going to be in Derry a few more days, and that’s never bothered him before. They didn’t live the kind of life that allowed you to really settle down. He was always in a new place with new people, besides the others at least. But now he’s met Eddie and a piece of him wished his life had been different. For the first time in a long time, he wished he had a normal life. He wished he was a normal seventeen year old instead of a homeless runaway. He actually wanted something with Eddie, was willing to try. Sure, being close to someone scared the shit out of him, but Eddie made him feel like maybe he can deal with that fear.

Eddie had kissed him! Right on the cheek even though he hadn't properly bathed and was a bit sweaty from the show. He kissed his check so softly, he thought he might burst. It was perfect and Richie wouldn't trade it for the world.

Richie was so focused on his own thoughts, he didn't hear the low rumble of a car behind him. He didn't even realize he wasn't alone until suddenly, his arms were being grabbed from behind him. It was all so fast, he didn't even realise what was going on. One second he was thinking about a kiss to the cheek by a pretty boy; next he was being pulled into a car by four pissed off older teens. He could hear Pup barking viciously just outside the door and someone cursing her out. He was more focused on the familiar faces staring at him with smiles that sent chills down his spine. *Fuck* .

Notes for the Chapter:

> okay, that's it folks! Sorry it took me so long to update, I really struggled with the dialogue at the very end for some reason
>
> make sure to check me out on tumblr @my-son-richie-tozier for more of my stuff

Author's Note:

> Wow, you survived 8000 words! You freaking survived!
>
> I really hope you enjoyed this has much as I have!
>
> Homeless!Richie is a love of mine.
>
> Check out my tumblr:
>
> Main Blog: the-hero-of-queens.tumblr.com
> My IT?Stranger Things Blog: my-son-richie-tozier.tumblr.com

Seriously, I'm posting sneak peaks and extra content on there!! I also would love to talk to you so message me!

Again, there is so much more to come for this story!! I hope you love it!